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57TH CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { DOCUMENT No. 464.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN N. W. RUMPLE

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM IOWA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS,
SECOND SESSION.

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HON. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page.
Proceedings in the House	5
Address of Mr. Lacey, of Iowa	9
Editorial by M. A. Raney	12
Address of Mr. Connor, of Iowa	16
Address of Mr. Cousins, of Iowa	19
Address of Mr. Hedge, of Iowa	21
Address of Mr. Smith, of Iowa	23
Address of Mr. Thompson, of Alabama	25
Address of Mr. Haugen, of Iowa	30
Address of Mr. Thomas, of Iowa	34
Address of Mr. Calderhead, of Kansas	40
Proceedings in the Senate	45
Address of Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa	49
Address of Mr. Burton, of Kansas	58
Address of Mr. Allison, of Iowa	60

Death of Representative Rumple.

Proceedings in the House.

January 31, 1903.

Mr. Lacey. Mr. Speaker, it is my sad duty to announce the death of my colleague, Hon. John N. W. Rumple, who, at 4 o'clock this morning, after a long and painful illness, was called to his final reward.

Iowa has lost one of her most distinguished and pure-minded citizens; this House has been deprived of one of its ablest and worthiest members, and the veterans of the civil war have lost an earnest friend and comrade.

I will not now speak further of his life and character, but at some future time his colleagues will ask the House to set apart a suitable time for the purpose of paying tribute to his memory.

Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has learned with deep sorrow and regret of the death of the Hon. John N. W. Rumple, member of this House from the State of Iowa.

Resolved, That a committee of members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to take order concerning the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were agreed to.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Pending the announcement of the result, the Chair, with the unanimous consent of the House, will appoint the following committee: Mr. Hedge, of Iowa; Mr. Thomas, of Iowa; Mr. Haugen, of Iowa; Mr. Smith, of Iowa; Mr. Conner, of Iowa; Mr. Hemenway, of Indiana; Mr. Prince, of Illinois; Mr. Gardner, of Michigan; Mr. Aplin, of Michigan; Mr. Darragh, of Michigan; Mr. Payne, of New York; Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio; Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Richardson, of Tennessee; Mr. Adamson, of Georgia; and Mr. Crowley, of Illinois.

The resolutions are agreed to; and, in accordance with the order previously made, the House will stand adjourned until to-morrow, Sunday, February 1, at 12 o'clock noon.

Accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 39 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until Sunday, February 1, at 12 o'clock noon.

FEBRUARY 10, 1903.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE RUMPLE.

Mr. LACEY. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Iowa asks unanimous consent for the present consideration of the resolution, which will be reported by the Clerk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That when the House meets on Sunday, the 22d day of February, it shall consider appropriate resolutions and hear eulogies upon the life, public services, and character of the Hon. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, deceased, late a member of the House of Representatives from the Second Congressional district of the State of Iowa.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The resolution was agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

FEBRUARY 22, 1903.

The House met at 12 o'clock m., and was called to order by Mr. Moody, as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain of the House, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal, ever-living God, our Heavenly Father, we bless Thee for that spirit of patriotism and profound gratitude which moves the people throughout our nation to meet in commemoration of the birth of him whom we delight to call the Father of our Country. We thank thee for that mentality which enabled him to grasp and solve great problems; for that divination which enabled him to penetrate the future and predict results; for that personality which enabled him to command men; for the fervor of his religious nature which enabled him to rely upon Thee for strength and support, and which brought him to his knees at Valley Forge, the darkest hour in that struggle for liberty, right, and justice, where he received consolation and light. Long may his memory live in the hearts of his countrymen, and longer yet his deeds inspire men to truer, nobler life.

We meet here to-day in special service to commemorate the lives and characters of men who have wrought upon the floor of this House and made conspicuous their names in history. We bless Thee for them and for what they did. Let the light which came down from Heaven in the person of Thy Son fill the hearts of the bereaved, that they may see beyond the veil that larger life in the mansions above. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. LACEY. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions:

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House now proceed to pay tribute to the memory of Hon. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, late a Representative in the House from the State of Iowa.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be, and is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Address of Mr. Lacey, of Iowa.

Mr. Speaker: Capt. John N. W. Rumple, whose life and services we commemorate to-day, was one of the men who has shed luster on the State of his birth and the State of his adoption. Born in Ohio, he moved West in 1853, and his manhood has been identified with the history of Iowa.

I have known him for thirty years, having first met him when he was a member of the Iowa senate. Captain Rumple was born near Fostoria, Ohio, March 4, 1841, on a farm. He died at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, Ill., January 31, 1903. His father died in 1844.

In 1853 the family emigrated to Iowa, settling in Iowa County upon a farm. Mr. Rumple was educated in the district school, in Ashland Academy, in Wapello County, Iowa; also in Western College, Linn County. He also took a course in the normal department of the State University. In acquiring his education he alternated between teaching school and attending the academy and college. On August 14, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company H, Second Iowa Cavalry. He was promoted corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, and captain. He was discharged September 19, 1865, at Selma, Ala. He served with his gallant regiment in all of its campaigns, excepting from March 5, 1865, to August 31, 1865, when he was aid-de-camp on the staff of Brig. Gen. Edward Hatch.

In December, 1865, he began the study of law in the office of Hon. H. M. Martin, of Marengo, Iowa, with whom he afterwards became a partner. He was elected senator from his district in the adjourned session of the fourteenth general

assembly to fill a vacancy. He was also a senator in the fifteenth and sixteenth general assemblies. He served on the board of regents of the Iowa State University, also as mayor and city solicitor to his town, Marengo, and as curator of the State Historical Society. In 1900 he was elected as a member of Congress from the Second district of Iowa, receiving 23,202 votes against 21,737 for his opponent, Hon. Henry Vollmer. Captain RUMPLE was for many years a member of the Masonic fraternity and the Grand Army of the Republic and a member of the Presbyterian Church. He was married December 6, 1866, to Miss Adaline K. Whitling. His wife dying, he contracted a second marriage with Miss Mary H. Shepard. Such is the brief outline of his life and public service. He was admitted to the bar in 1867, and though always active in public affairs, continued to practice with ability and success in his chosen profession. He has been long a prominent figure in the affairs of Iowa, and his friends at any time within the past thirty years have spoken of him as one who would some day be called to a seat in the Congress of the United States.

Many local circumstances delayed the fulfillment of this prophecy, until finally, in his sixtieth year, he was elected as a Republican in a district that had, from its organization, been normally and usually Democratic.

But when thus honored by his friends, and in the fulfillment of a worthy ambition, he had taken his place in this honorable body, the insidious hand of a fatal disease was laid upon him.

His ship was wrecked in port, and he had only attained the reward of his well-deserved promotion when the summons came to prepare for that change which must come to all the living.

In the closing hours of this Congress we have been called many times to the realization that all men are mortal. Sixteen

of our colleagues have solved the great problem that confronts us all.

It is therefore well that we should pause for an hour to think upon the life and example of this good and worthy man.

He left a good name, which is worth more than riches. A man's public career is only the surface of his life. The depths beneath are sounded only by his nearest friends.

One of his townsmen, in a recent letter to me, expressed his feelings in a few but earnest words:

> All his neighbors believed in him, all trusted him, and our faith and confidence in him were never betrayed. And, best of all, we loved him.

The domestic life of our friend was a beautiful example to all who knew him well, and no man was ever more sincerely mourned by his neighbors. It is hard to part with these old friends.

> We lose a life in every friend we lose,
> And every death is painful but the last.

Mr. RUMPLE was loyal to his country and to his friends, and there was a charm in his personality that held to him for life those who once became acquainted with him.

The old soldiers of the nation had reason to be pleased when they learned that Speaker Henderson had assigned Captain RUMPLE to the arduous task of serving upon the Invalid Pensions Committee of the House, for no comrade in arms or soldier's widow ever failed to secure his patient and friendly consideration.

Though apparently in the full vigor of a ripe manhood, and giving promise of many years of usefulness to his country, he had only thoroughly settled down to the hard work of his Congressional duty when the summons came to put his house in order for that change which must come to all living men.

We may with bated breath whisper to each other, "Who

will be next?'' And we know that we will not wait long for the answer.

Mr. Speaker, I also desire to print with my remarks an editorial by M. A. Raney, in the Republican, of Marengo, Iowa, whose estimate of Captain RUMPLE as a neighbor, a citizen, and a statesman is well worthy of a place in this day's proceedings.

HON. J. N. W. RUMPLE.

When Captain RUMPLE appeared on the streets of his home town for the last time in life, it was to exercise his privilege as an American citizen, and in the exercise of that franchise he performed the duty quietly but resolutely and as he fully believed to be right. Without ostentation, but as a citizen, he passed along the streets to the voting place, with a nod to one, a smile for another, a hand grasp and a refulgent friendliness for all that could be felt in its warmth, and then he returned to renew the dreary days of torture—a suffering that was not only severe and pain racking physically, but ached and throbbed in every nerve and tissue and almost drove to mental distraction. That its heritage was known to him there could be no doubt, a loving and idolized mother having succumbed to the same dread affliction. Yet throughout it all he never acknowledged, never weakened in his faith, never surrendered, but went down as he had fought, with a brave courage and heroic determination to win, but a terrible disease had fastened itself upon him and the fight between life and death continued unrelentless. The fading embers would from time to time be fanned into life's fitful flame, only to disclose at each recurring event, at least to his friends, the increasing weakness of his body. Ever patient and enduring, he suffered, he endured, but never complained. Trusting and hoping, although fully prepared for possible results and with every contingency arranged for, he lived on and on. In all the vicissitudes and battles of life even to the last he was brave as a hero, but tender as a girl. His sense of right was great and beautiful; he loved justice, truth, and honor. His sympathies were easily and deeply touched by others' sorrows, and he was unselfish to a fault. From the depth of his heart he hated oppression, and his love went out like sweet showers to all his fellow-men.

At home and in Iowa County he lived in the hearts of his people as one whose steadfast firmness was proof against all changes and disaster. His career was not an accident; it was not the result of circumstances or chance. It had its origin in a strong, noble nature; its source was easily found in a great heart and head constantly working in harmony with pure methods for high purposes. His intellect was comprehensive, original, and contemplative. The every thought that came from it was broad, liberal, and

exalted and of uniform character. Nothing eccentric, meteoric, or explosive emanated from that harmonious laboratory. Nothing was too grand or too vast for the grasp of his intelligence, nothing too minute or too trifling for his attention. His thought ever clear and discerning, his reason was bright and strong as steel. No clouds or mists, vapors or shadows, hovered over the straight lines of his march to conclusions. His arguments were constructed, doubtless, from lessons learned in military life. They were organizations strong, compact, without unnecessary ornament, always aggressive and dashing, and directly to the weak point for assault. He defended his flanks and rear by the vigor, boldness, and persistence of his charges. No saber was ever wielded more deftly on the field of battle than by him in the clean cut of the same weapon in argument. In debate he was happy, always able, well tempered, and candid, but perfectly fearless and just. He never inflicted a cowardly, cruel, or insidious wound, and left no rankling arrows in the memory of his opponents.

Possessed of a strong and graceful figure, an open, engaging countenance, an ambitious heart, he had that passion for enterprise and adventure which has ever been the quickening pulse of the pioneer. From plow to saber, from saber to school, from school to law book, then came the one additional step of hanging out his shingle as a poor and briefless barrister in Iowa County, where he had been raised, and almost in sight of the old Ohio Church, in Sumner Township, where his first Sunday-school lessons were well taught. Truly he was a man of the people, sprung from them, uplifted by them, and in all things true to them. In difficult situations he was no rash actor. Natural impetuosity was curbed by will and saving common sense. Thus he became a safe, wise adviser. Many there are who equaled or surpassed him in some one of many things, but few could do so many things so well, and rarer still are they who accomplished so much under such conditions as he dealt with. Young as measured by his years, yet old in experience and public service, he was stricken down in the prime of his manhood and usefulness as the sturdy oak is felled by the power of the mighty tempest.

At the time of success he was called away from a life full of promise to himself, and overflowing with fond hopes and realization for those who were nearest and dearest to him, and loved him with purest devotion. The loyal constituency of the Second district, to whose best interests he was wedded and tried so hard, although so terribly beset, to serve, are proud of his record as a statesman, but his friends dwell largest and with most pleasure upon the recollections had of him in his private life as an associate and companion. In closer sympathy and touch with the home citizens, understanding them better, and being by them fully understood and trusted, loved and respected, the loss is on every side felt to be a personal one, without regard to political affiliation and through all walks of life. Through the town and over the county the sad tidings of his death

have gone, and all our people are in mourning. The heart swells in every bosom, and unbidden tears come to the eye as the citizen remembers the last warm grasp of the hand now forever stilled.

A truer or more earnest and sincere man never lived. He was a politician, yet a statesman of the highest order. Kind-hearted and generous almost to a fault, yet always open to conviction, he was the same man at all times, amidst all surroundings, and under all circumstances. Whether as an orphan boy and a laborer in the vineyard of daily toil to support his widowed mother and family, as a youthful soldier half starved and poorly clad, fighting for the right, as a young lawyer striving for success, as a representative of the people in the Iowa senate and in Congress, hewing out a way and blazing a road to prominence, and dealing blows in behalf of lighter burdens for the people, he has always been found true, honest, sincere, manly, and courageous. He was ever a companion, but always a man. His legal equipment was complete—learned in the intricacies of the law and parliamentary procedure, he maintained even in his brief career the high standing and well-deserved distinction he so ably won in his first Congressional term.

He will be mourned by all, but most by those who wore the bronze buttons and addressed him as comrade, for there his work was never done, the door never closed, the pocket never empty as he once said in eulogizing a comrade: "Of all the emotions awakened by death none is more touching than those called up by the death of a comrade. They bring the battlefield again before you. The same sulphurous canopy is before you. The hum of the bullet, the whiz of the round shot, the shriek of the shell, the clash of sabers, and the shouts of the combatants again fill your ears. The tiresome march, the weary wading of streams, the ruddy camp fire, the bubbling coffee, and the rude fare appear. You hear again old army songs and stories, and are lulled to sleep by the piping of frogs, the music of crickets and katydids, or by the soft patter of the rain upon your shelter tent. Again you are upon picket, musket in hand, watchful and wary, on the muddy shore of the Rappahannock or beneath the soughing pines of the Wilderness. When a comrade dies, life itself seems to turn backward. You live once more in the stormy scenes of thirty years ago."

His nature was susceptible of great enjoyment; he loved outdoor recreation and was extremely fond of fishing, one of his greatest pleasures being a summer trip to the northern Iowa lakes, where in all its beauty, and free from office cares, he could enjoy with his friends the green fields, wild flowers, the beautiful harvest fields, and endless hours of fishing, the enjoyable features of a good catch being an event of many days' pleasant memories with him.

His mortal career has ended and his life work is done; the page is written and his friends sorrow, but with it comes the reflection that his was a work well performed. It might have been longer, but not greater. In a measure his ambition was accomplished, and, with the drapery of

his couch about him, he laid down to rest. To the bereaved family it can be said that his love and fidelity to his fellow-man, exemplified in his public acts, will stand as a legacy greater than riches and more valuable than length of days.

Mr. LACEY. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent, in this connection, for general leave to print, as there are some members of this House who have been unable to be present who desire to be accorded this privilege.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Iowa asks unanimous consent for general leave to print. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

Address of Mr. Conner, of Iowa.

Mr. Speaker: If human effort could arrest the messenger of death, our friends would never die. We exhaust every means within our power to stay the hand of the destroyer, but all in vain. We confess our helplessness to save by coming at a time like this to express our sorrow at the loss of a colleague and friend and to pay a fitting tribute to his memory. We may strew flowers upon his grave and utter words of praise and commendation of his noble life and deeds, but can not call him back to earth again.

When a good man dies not only his family and friends suffer loss, but his country as well. The wealth of a nation does not consist alone in its property and natural resources, but also in the character and nobility of its citizens. Its strength and stability do not depend so much upon its armies and navies as upon the honor, virtue, and intelligence of its citizens. In the death of Mr. Rumple his family and friends suffer an irreparable loss. His death means more to them than a vacant chair—more than the absence of a familiar face and form. It means that husband and father, a tower of strength for loved ones to lean upon, is removed. His prostrate form will never rise again. The kindly eye that drew men unto him has been closed for all time. The lips that whispered love and encouragement are sealed forever. The ear that never failed to hear the cry of distress is deaf forever more. The voice, rich and musical in tone, will never be heard again on earth. The heart whose every pulsation was for those he loved will never throb again. Time and reflection will but emphasize the loss which his loved ones have

sustained. But in a broader sense he will be missed. The community in which he lived and also his State and nation will miss him. He was a factor in the affairs of his city, county, State, and nation.

He was essentially a self-made man. He was born and reared upon the farm. When a mere child his father departed this life. The death of his father forced upon him responsibilities which otherwise would not have come. He moved with his mother from Ohio to his adopted State—the State of Iowa—when still a child, though older than the State to which he moved. In the sparsely settled section of the State where he located there were few chances for education and improvement. He took advantage of opportunities afforded him and attended first the district school and then the college. It was during this latter experience in the early sixties that he heard the call to arms to save the Union from dissolution. He enlisted before he had attained his majority, and during the four years and more that he was in the service he made for himself a brilliant record. He rose from the ranks to the position of captain. It is said that he was engaged in more than thirty battles during the rebellion. He earned for himself an enviable reputation for brave and courageous conduct.

He came home from the war when it was over not spoiled by his laurels and immediately set about to complete his education and to take up his work where he had left it when he enlisted. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, entered upon the practice of his profession, and became an honored member of it. His ability was soon recognized, and he was called to serve his State. He was repeatedly elected to the office of State senator, and was a safe and conservative legislator. He filled other positions of trust and responsibility.

During all these years he was preparing himself for higher

responsibilities, and the time came when the people of his Congressional district said he was the right man to send to Congress. Public opinion centered upon him, and he was nominated and triumphantly elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress. I have no doubt that if his health had permitted he would have remained in Congress for an indefinite time, because his services and abilities were such that his constituents would have been proud to have kept him here. But the disease that had fastened itself upon him made such progress that he was compelled to say to the people of his district that he could not accept the nomination to the Fifty-eighth Congress.

It is not within our power to utter words that can bring comfort to a stricken wife at a time like this. We can but point to the splendid career of her husband, to his record as a citizen, soldier, and statesman.

We can say to her that while he has passed from sight he still lives in memory, and that the influence of his life will continue a vital force in making the world better and adding something to its happiness.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
To shine forever more.

ADDRESS OF MR. COUSINS, OF IOWA.

Mr. SPEAKER: It seems as though death delights in violating and in breaking the conventional terms and periods established by governments and men. If JOHN N. W. RUMPLE had lived until one week from Thursday next, he would have been exactly 62 years of age. But the most dreadful of all diseases would not grant a truce even for a single month.

Birth, which sometimes seems agreeable to the institutions and establishments of mankind, had brought into our needy world this noble soul exactly 60 years before his Congressional term began, March 4, 1901. If I mistake not, his was the sixteenth removal by death from the Fifty-seventh Congress, the greatest mortality rate in the last decade of Congresses, and, for aught I know, in the history of Congresses—about 3½ per cent.

But fractions in mortality amount to little, except to actuaries, since all must die eventually. We are concerned not so much about the days and years, but about the character and loss of this useful man.

Like hundreds of our citizens of Iowa, he came from the Buckeye State—a transplanting which was always sympathetic. Like the majority of our young men, he sought a thorough education at our institutions, and like thousands of others, when the awful storm arose, "wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold," he went forth in battle for the nation and stayed until the scattered stars of States were brought again into the constellation of the Union. He earned the rank of captain in the famous Second Cavalry of Iowa in such battles as Island No. 10, siege of Corinth and Rienzi,

charges at Farmington, Iuka, Corinth, Franklin, Columbia, and Nashville, and many others.

Like most good soldiers, he became a model citizen. The jar of war usually awakens reason and mollifies the prejudice of men. Whoever has experienced great danger, either to his country or to himself, naturally becomes a counselor for safety and a conservator of peace. He is likewise firm in the face of fraud and bluster, for he knows the limitations of those who have not felt hardship and who have not faced death.

Like hundreds and thousands of others who came out of the awful storm of the early sixties, Captain RUMPLE became a useful and influential factor in his community and State. His tendencies were with mankind in the long run. He builded for the future without swerving to sensation or sacrificing his convictions. He became prominent at the bar and in the legislation of our State, likewise as a regent of our university and in the State Historical Society, meanwhile giving his good counsel in matters of municipal and educational affairs at home. He served with honor and fidelity in the Fifty-seventh Congress nearly to its end, which we are now approaching.

Just in the prime of life, when maturity, sharpened and well tempered by experience, with all the joys and sorrows of a vigorous career, with conflict and with hardship, with love and labor and success, that sable figure of the night which flits but once across the path of man, and always once, far out along his straight and noble path, unmasked and unrelenting, stood plainly there before him. As steady and unfalteringly as ever warrior went to meet a foe, as humbly and resignedly as a good man ever met his God, this soldier citizen, this friend, this man, went on.

Address of Mr. Hedge, of Iowa.

Mr. Speaker: It seems to me proper that on this birthday of Washington we should contemplate the career and character of the men, strong, high-minded men, who, in these late days, have constituted the State, the country, of which we call him father. From what has already been said, it is plain that our late companion was one of those to whom it was given to move in and to illustrate the heroic age of America. As we read between the lines of his brief biography we see that he was a high example of the American soldier. His life afterwards showed that this soldier boy, this Captain Rumple, felt that as his obligation to his country did not have its source or its beginning in his oath of service, so it did not have its end or fulfillment in his parchment discharge. As has just been said, as a citizen he perceived his duty through all these forty years of manifold labors and trusts confided in him by his neighbors, and always performed that duty without parade and without reserve.

I first met him casually when he was a member of our State senate, a man already enjoying the confidence and esteem of all the people of his State. Afterwards he removed to the town in which I lived, and practiced law and made himself known at once as a high-minded lawyer, industrious, faithful to the interests of his clients, faithful to the cause of justice, fair and square, and, therefore, with his intelligence and his industry, a dangerous antagonist. We have not time, nor is it necessary, to go over the different stages of this good life. We know that his people at home, through all these years, from his boyhood to his mature age, believed in him, trusted him, and loved him.

I saw him last in July, last summer, when he must have known, as the rest of us knew, that the sentence of death had been passed upon him. Serenely, bravely, and cheerfully he passed through these months of trial, these hours of agony, concealing the trouble within him, the mainstay and support of his family and friends until the very end. He is gone. We shall have no more the comfort of his personal presence or of his kindly ways; but the memory and example of that gentle life, of that high service, of that pure character shall be a precious possession and inspiring influence to all who knew him, as long as human affection and human memory shall endure.

Address of Mr. Smith, of Iowa.

Mr. Speaker: On his last journey through the Commonwealth of Iowa, in which President McKinley gave forth any public utterance, he said that "duty disregarded brings shame more hard to bear than any burden that duty can put upon us." That Congressman Rumple was a man of patriotism and of courage is evidenced by the history of his country, which records more than four years of service in the Union Army, in which, without the aid of influence other than his own fidelity, he fought his way up from a private to a captain in one of the most gallant regiments enlisted in the civil war. That he was a man and a lawyer of ability is evidenced by the fact that he stood at the head of the bar of his locality for more than thirty years, where he had no mean antagonists to meet.

That he was a man of simple piety is evidenced by the long service he rendered to the humble church at his home and by the life he led, consistent with that service. That he was a good neighbor and a good man is evidenced by the general and profound sorrow that was everywhere displayed in the home where he had lived so long over the news of his death. That he was a kind and loving husband and father is attested by the profound grief displayed by the wife and daughter he was compelled to leave behind.

The overshadowing characteristic of Captain Rumple was his fidelity to duty. Nearly a year ago, when the malady which caused his death first made its appearance, many of his most devoted friends pleaded with him to abandon the discharge of his duties here, that he might receive proper treatment, and perchance preserve his strength and his life for the

discharge of duties yet to come. But he insisted that certain duties rested upon him here, which he must discharge before he could leave this city for that treatment which should have been promptly given if it was to avail at all. He remained, and remained too long. The malady became so fastened upon him that medical skill could do nothing for him; and he then calmly and courageously met death, in the supreme faith that He who cooled the furnace and smoothed the stormy wave and tamed the Chaldean lions is mighty still to save.

At the birth of our religion, when the faithful looked for the early second coming of our Lord, men were content to believe in a resurrection deferred until that coming; but the lapse of twenty centuries has not been without its effect upon the faith and the belief of devout men everywhere. And many now believe, as I believe, that the very hour of death is the morning of the resurrection, and that this dear old friend has already received that reward which is due to duty well performed.

Address of Mr. Thompson, of Alabama.

Mr. Speaker: We have assembled here to-day to pay a last loving tribute to the memory of our departed friend and fellow-member, John N. W. Rumple, who has passed over the dark river and now rests under the trees on the other side.

Did I say a "last" tribute? It may be our last official and formal tribute, but it will not be the last time that our hearts throb with grief or our memories kindle with kindly emotions within us at the thought or mention of his name.

We gather here with uncovered heads and sad hearts as we reflect how short a time has elapsed since he sat among us in this Hall, but that to-day he is with the unnumbered hosts who have gone on to their reward.

Though young in Congressional experience, Mr. Rumple had already given ample proof of statesmanlike ability and promise of a long and useful legislative career. He was still in the prime of life, and when we see such a man stricken down suddenly at the outset of an honorable and valuable service in the national councils, we can only bow before the unknowable in deep humility of spirit and acknowledge that the best, the bravest, and the strongest of us are but as chaff before the whirlwind. "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," and while we can not now understand the decrees of His divine providence, we must believe that "He doeth all things well."

My acquaintance with Mr. Rumple began only with the beginning of the present Congress, but even in that short time it soon ripened into warm friendship. My experience in this respect was that of many others among us. Mr. Rumple's

character and disposition were such that he naturally attracted to himself the love and confidence of his fellow-men. He was one of that sterling type of men, alas, all too rare, who are true as steel and of brilliant capabilities, but yet modest and unassuming and void of self-conceit and self-seeking. The record of his life bespeaks his character. We see him, as a boy, striving diligently to get an education, yet leaving his university at the call of duty and entering the Union Army as a private soldier, and no man in all that mighty host did his full duty more nobly. His name is not inscribed high up on the roll of famous generals or admirals, but he was one of the bravest and most efficient of those hundreds of thousands of "boys in blue" who really fought and won the battles for the North, and without whom the famous generals would have had no fame to win. He served all through the dreadful four years of the civil war, fought in more than thirty battles, including Corinth, Iuka, New Madrid, Island No. 10, Farmington, Tupelo, Columbia, Franklin, and Nashville, and was mustered out at the end of the war with the rank of captain, which he had richly won by his long, devoted, and gallant service in the field.

After the surrender, Captain RUMPLE was stationed for a while at Selma, Ala., with Grierson's Raiders, and he always seemed to enjoy telling me his reminiscences and experiences in the South. He spoke in the highest terms of the people of the South, and evidently entertained the warmest regard and kindliest feeling for the old ex-Confederate soldiers whom he had so often faced in deadly combat. He was one of the members of the House whom I invited to go South with me on the trip of last May for the purpose of studying the negro question, and he was sorely disappointed because circumstances prevented him from joining the party. Notwithstanding the fact that he had waged constant warfare against the Confederate

army for four years, and had been exposed to the fire of that army in more than thirty battles, he respected the South and had become a good friend of the South, and, like the true patriot and broad-minded citizen that he was, he had laid aside all hostile sectional feeling.

After the war we see Mr. RUMPLE settling down at once into the ranks of useful, industrious private citizens. He resumed his interrupted studies, adopted the legal profession, and by sheer force of merit and industry worked his way up into a good practice and a good standing in his community. Though seeking no honors or preferments, many came to him unsought. He was often elected to the Iowa State senate and had held many municipal offices, including the mayoralty in his own city; and at last he was chosen by his district to represent it at the nation's capital.

Is it not true, Mr. Speaker, that such a career as this is the nearest in accord with the ideally successful life? It does not include the gaining of a Rothschild's wealth or a Napoleon's renown, but it does include the gaining of the esteem and preference of a whole community; it does include the winning of the love and respect of all acquaintances; it does include the record of having braved death for the sake of the general welfare, and of having done the State much valuable service; and a man with such a record must be deemed truly great as well as good. But now, alas!

> He is gone who seemed so great,
> Gone; but nothing can bereave him
> Of the force he made his own
> Being here, and we believe him
> Something far advanced in state,
> And that he wears a truer crown
> Than any wreath that man can weave him.

The affection which Mr. RUMPLE inspired was his by natural right, for he was gentle and friendly in spirit and made friends

easily and naturally. As we all know, he was highly esteemed by his colleagues from his own State, and was regarded by them as a man of excellent judgment. He fully justified here the confidence which his constituents had placed in him, for he looked closely after the interests of the people whom he represented and watched with jealous care every commission intrusted to him.

Mr. RUMPLE had for some time suffered from a malady which he seemed to recognize as incurable, but he bore this affliction with marked fortitude and patience. He was a devoted husband and father. In his death the members of his family have suffered an irreparable loss. I myself have lost a friend whose friendship I cherished, and the great State of Iowa has been deprived of the services of one of her best citizens and ablest Representatives.

How true it is, Mr. Speaker, that if one wishes to find out what kind of a man a man is one must find out what his family, his friends, and his acquaintances think of him. A good man may have a few enemies through their spite or envy, but a bad man, or a weak man, or a cold, selfish man can not have the love and esteem of a whole community in general. And as I pay this heartfelt tribute to the memory of this good man and dear friend I mourn his loss as a personal grief, and I sympathize deeply with those who loved him as husband, father, and neighbor.

Surely, "in the midst of life we are in death;" and since the grim monster has visited our body so frequently during this Congress, we are forcibly reminded that—

> Death's but a path that must be trod,
> If man would ever pass to God.

Yes, sixteen of our number have been called to answer the summons of death; and while we can not but be saddened by

these frequent and inscrutable dispensations of God's providence, we bow in humble submission to His divine will, believing that He "loveth whom He chasteneth."

In bidding a last, long farewell to Mr. RUMPLE we perform a labor of love and take formal notice of a life well spent for the good of his fellow-men and for the honor and glory of his country. As a friend, he was sincere; as an associate, pleasant, generous, and affable; as a worker, serious, diligent, and devoted to duty. He was truly a representative of the people and labored unceasingly for their interests. May we strive to emulate the noble traits of his character and to perpetuate the good deeds which he delighted in doing for his fellow-men. Thus may it prove to us all, as it surely has to him, that "death is the crown of life," and that "the King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace." Thus may we all be enabled to realize in the fullness of time that—

There is no death!
What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

Address of Mr. Haugen, of Iowa.

Mr. Speaker: On this sad occasion it is fitting that I should offer a few observations on the life and character of my beloved and greatly admired colleague, Captain Rumple. It was my privilege and pleasure to know him for a number of years, and to know him more intimately during his short stay here in Washington, where our duties brought us in frequent and friendly contact.

I believe I voice the sentiment of every member of this House, as well as the sentiment of his constituents and all who knew him, when I say that he was a man of unusually high character, sterling qualities, loving disposition, eminently sociable, pleasant, courteous, obliging, talented, endowed with lofty ideals and purposes, with untiring energy, always conscientious, attentive to his duties, loyal to his friends, and with a firm determination to do justice to all.

I have observed closely his faithful and efficient work here in this House and the committees, especially the Committee on Invalid Pensions, a committee which all of us have occasion to visit probably more than any other. The appointment of Captain Rumple to this important committee was in itself a tribute to his worth and was indeed a wise selection. In him the old soldiers had a faithful and warm friend. In this committee he labored diligently early and late with his colleagues; as I am informed, they many times worked into the early hours of morning. The interests of the old soldiers and the Government were carefully and judiciously guarded. His unceasing efforts were to have pensions granted on their merits; his pride was to

legislate so as to maintain the pension roll as a roll of honor. He himself had given four years and three months of the best years of his life in the service of his country. He was one of those who crossed that fearful wilderness of war, fighting for the preservation of the Union and that peace, happiness, and liberty might prevail; one of those many men who so cheerfully responded to the call when the destiny of this country was trembling in the balance, inspired by the noble and glorious idea that liberty should be universal. He was thus in a position to appreciate the heroic deeds of those gallant men who brought so much fame to America, as well as the noble sacrifices which have been made.

Believing as he did in a just recognition of the services of our soldiers and sailors, he earnestly labored to secure liberal pensions and pension laws for the worthy and disabled survivors, and for their widows and orphans, and for the dispensation of pensions—volunteer offerings—which this great, grand, and grateful country of ours bestows upon those who have rendered valuable service and who have made sacrifices, and for a just recognition of the spirit of patriotism with which they served—a testimony and appreciation of the value of their eminent services, rendered their country during dark and direful hours.

He was a man who loved and fought for liberty and to the bottom of his heart hated oppression and bondage; a noble specimen of manhood, beloved, admired, and commanding the respect of all who knew him; one kindly and lovingly disposed; one who always worked earnestly and faithfully to fulfill the duties incumbent upon him, and one who so honorably and gloriously succeeded.

Modestly and unassumingly he went along, quietly attending to his public duties, wasting no time in trying to make

himself conspicuous. He was a man of action more than words; not an orator, though a forcible, logical, and convincing speaker. Instead of trying to rise above the people he, as our greatest statesmen have done, remained on the common level.

From boyhood his life was pure and stainless, rising from the humble walks of life to a high position socially, politically, and professionally. Such results could have been attained only by fidelity to duty and unfaltering faith in rectitude of purpose dominated by the loftiest and noblest ideals. It was impossible to know this talented man without observing his noble and loving disposition—knowing him, it was impossible not to become attached to him, to love him and be inspired with the fullest confidence and respect for his noble characteristics.

He was a man of integrity, sound judgment, wise, broad minded, liberal, and exalted. A truer, more energetic, earnest, and sincere man never lived.

His character, his success, his record, both private and public, is an open book without a stain of immorality, deception, fraud, or corruption. His loyalty to principle, his devotion to truth, his untiring energy, his lofty and noble ideals, and conscientious work enabled him to attain and hold the position which he occupied in the thoughts, esteem, and affections of his countrymen, enjoying and deserving the confidence and respect of all, and always pursuing his duty with fidelity and a determination to do justice, and ever a firm believer and advocate of sincerity, honesty, integrity, justice, equality, conscientious dealings, purity of heart, thought, and action.

In his Christian home he was a devoted and kind husband, an affectionate father, a friendly and obliging neighbor. In Captain RUMPLE we find a very interesting and remarkable career. Born in Ohio in 1841, settling in his early manhood

in Iowa on a farm, pluckily, energetically, and vigorously pursuing his education; next we see him a teacher; a soldier in the Union Army, always true, loyal, and brave, where he saw much service and engaged in many battles; an eminent lawyer, for many years serving in the legislative halls of his own State, where he distinguished himself as a statesman and trusted servant of the people. His next honor was his election to Congress, where we can all testify to his ability and fidelity.

In his short career here he acquired a large circle of devoted friends and admirers. His death causes sincere and profound regret to all. He died in the full maturity of his mental vigor. Truly it can be said that his life was well spent and full of good deeds. He died at a time when his life, character, his example, sound judgment, and wisdom were of the greatest value to his country.

In him we have an example of the self-made man to the fullest extent of its meaning. And what a splendid example; what an incentive to all. If one is to succeed in life, either public or private, it must be by fidelity to duty, cherishing noble and lofty ideals, with an unfaltering faith in rectitude of purpose, with a firm determination to do right and justice; and our guiding star should ever be sincerity, honesty, integrity, justice, equality, conscientious dealings, purity of heart, thought, and action, denouncing and shunning deceit and conceit.

Address of Mr. Thomas, of Iowa.

Mr. Speaker: I rise for the purpose of joining with my associates of the House in paying tribute to the life and character of our friend, Captain Rumple, of Iowa, who has recently been called away from our midst.

Captain Rumple belonged to that earnest, quiet, and unostentatious class of men who move along among their fellows performing the duties that devolve upon them in a modest and unassuming manner, almost unobserved by those with whom they associate. He was not one of those who was ever exploiting his own importance or boasting his accomplishments, as do some we meet with in the course of everyday life. He was a quiet man, yet he never undertook anything in a weak-hearted manner. With him there was a sensitive cord drawing the line between right and wrong, and, always led onward by a motive to do right, his actions in the present were directed by a steadfast hope in the future. There are those, and I think that Captain Rumple may well be said to have been one of them, who are never disturbed by the past, except as it may serve to furnish lessons for the future—who perform the duties of the day as they come along, molding them for the future.

It is not that class of men that attracts the notice and receives the plaudits of the passers-by in immediate approbation of their exploits, to be forgotten when the procession has passed; but when their sturdy and earnest life is rounded up we see their influence impressed upon the things with which they were brought in close relation. It is this character of men that make the world better and happier for their having lived in it.

Mr. RUMPLE was born and reared on the farm, receiving such advantages in the way of education, while on the farm, as could be given to farmers' boys generally who possess the intelligence, energy, and grit to make proper application of the opportunities that arise from poverty and from breathing the healthful atmosphere and engaging in the invigorating exercises of farm life. His boyhood surroundings were modest and frugal, but they taught him those lessons of honesty, economy, integrity, and industry that characterized his entire course during his after life. It is from this class, surrounded by such influences, that have arisen the men and women who have left their impress upon our institutions.

It is from this class, and surrounded by like influences, that have come those who have made our nation famous in the fields of statesmanship, finance, literature, and art. The wholesome influences that surround farm life give to the farmer's boy life and soul, inspired with energy and courage, to go out into the world and successfully engage with the forces that lie in the road to success. Nowhere is that freedom of thought and freedom of action as clearly displayed to the young mind as on the farm, where every ripple of the stream, every song of the bird, every sighing of the breeze, every lowing of the herd, is an inspiration to the young mind and an incentive to good citizenship and love of country. A gentle spirit, a pure heart, and active mind, fanned and fed by an invigorating atmosphere, grow and expand in the full development of man and in the broadening of an exalted manhood. These were the influences that surrounded Captain RUMPLE during his boyhood days and as he grew into the state of manhood. These were the influences that inspired him with a love of home and home life, and at the same time filled his soul with a patriotic love of country.

The firing on Fort Sumter was not only the signal of secession. It was, in a more significant sense, the liberation of Northern thought. It at once concentrated the minds of the people on the fact that we have an American Union, and that, as emblematical of that Union, an American flag, and that the Union had been attacked and its emblem torn down. The thought of the American people both North and South had been centered on the question of slavery, but as the reverberation of the discharge of the first gun was heard, the fact that the paramount question now before the American people was not slavery in itself, but the American Union, dawned upon the people and filled their minds with alarm. Imbued with this idea and impressed with the importance to mankind of maintaining the Union unbroken and unimpaired, the young men of the country, with patriotic fervor, responded to the nation's call for troops.

Mr. RUMPLE enlisted in the Army for the Union, and remained in the service for more than four years, and was among the last of that great Army to be mustered out after the close of the war. For valiant and faithful service he was promoted from his position of enlistment as a private, through the several gradations of office, to that of captain, which position he held at the time of his discharge. His was not a service of ease or idleness. He was under General Grant at Vicksburg and under Thomas at Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and whether on the march to Jackson, Miss., and at the capture of that place, or in the several battles on the countermarch, or in the trenches around Vicksburg, or whether engaged in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, or in pursuit of General Hood, he always manifested that deliberate courage and unshrinking fidelity to duty that formed the guiding star to his whole life.

He was not led to enlist in the Army through any hope of ease or comfort nor from any thought of military preferment, but solely out of a sense of duty under the inspiration of patriotism and love of country. While he spent more than four years in the service, it was not because that service had any attractions congenial to his nature, but because he felt it a duty as an American citizen to maintain the integrity of the Union and to protect the honor of the American flag.

When the Union was restored, the Army discharged, and his military labors ended, he again returned to civil life, took up the study of law, was admitted to practice, and became prominent as one of the principal lawyers of the State of his adoption. Afterwards he was elected to the legislature of the State of Iowa, of which he became a distinguished member, and finally closing his career as a Representative in the Fifty-seventh Congress.

One thing may always be said of Captain RUMPLE—that a sense of duty was his guiding star through his entire life. Wherever that pointed he was found. Whether on the farm as a boy, when growing into manhood; whether in the public schools or college; whether in the Army, in camp, or on the march, or on the field of battle; whether in the court room or in the legislative chamber, or whether in social relations with his family or friends, he was ever found actuated by the same motive.

There is no place, perhaps, where true character is more accurately reflected than in the home. The close relationship in the family circle is very sure in time to develop character in its true light and in its proper relations. With Captain RUMPLE the home, with its influences and the comforts that it afforded, was the place of his delights, and here he enjoyed the companionship of his friends with a generous cordiality.

With the last session of Congress Mr. RUMPLE was compelled to close his public career. Before the close of the session he felt that grim disease coming on that finally took him away. But he did not lose hope or courage. We saw him here attending to his official duties, looking after the interests of his constituents, attending to those matters that are required of a faithful member of this House, long after he began to feel that a prudent regard for his physical condition demanded that he cease his labors here and seek medical treatment for the disease that had begun to make its appearance and was beginning to undermine his vitality and endanger life itself. When this consideration was pressing upon him, I heard him on several occasions express a purpose and desire to get away to receive medical treatment; but this was always coupled with the idea, as expressed by him, that he still had this to do and that to look after before he felt warranted to leave his duties here. And so matters went on until nearly the close of the session before he left here and went to the hospital at Indianapolis, where he was soon made acquainted with the malignant character of the disease whose fangs had pierced his very life.

Now, for the first time, he realized in its full sense the seriousness of his condition, and supported by the consciousness of a pure and upright course of living and buoyed up by the hopes of achievements to be accomplished in the future, he took up the contest for life, while death seemed apparent, most manfully and with devout Christian courage. But courage must sometimes yield, and when that yielding is manifested in a loving, Christian faith it is the mere transition from courage to resignation; and the spirit that can yield gracefully to the inevitable when the time comes will reflect its light and influence to be witnessed by those who follow after.

It soon became apparent that the disease with which Mr. RUMPLE was afflicted was of a malignant type, and that it was daily penetrating deeper and deeper and fastening its fangs upon the life that remained. With a consciousness of the approaching end he awaited its coming with a Christian fortitude only to be sustained by the hope of immortality and a faith in an ever-living God. His was a noble life, filled with deeds of love and charity and kindness, and as it went out loving friendship followed with earnest prayer.

I feel constrained to believe that in some cases, even where the whole course of life is filled with love and kindness, the sublimity of character is more vividly reflected in sickness and death and in the scenes that attend them, without murmur and without complaint, than in life itself. That patient endurance, with the consciousness ever present that the end of all that pertains to this world is fast approaching, without the hope of relief except in death, portrays a character of sublime beauty.

The life of everyone, whether it may be drawn on right lines or wrong, when it goes out leaves its impress and influence somewhere. Some heart is touched and some cord made to thrill by it. The influence of that life does not always stop with the grave, but it goes on and enters into the lives of those that are to come. This thought is found portrayed in the life of Captain RUMPLE. He embodied in his everyday life the sentiment expressed so beautifully in the lines of the poet:

> So live that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Address of Mr. Calderhead, of Kansas.

Mr. Speaker: I shall not attempt on this occasion any eulogy of our deceased friend or attempt any analysis of his life and character. I come only as a comrade of my comrade, to bring one more tribute to his memory.

I never knew him until I met him first in this Congress as a member of the Committee on Invalid Pensions. The few months' service we had together on that committee revealed his personal character to me by reason of our daily contact in the consideration of the same questions. Kinship of service in the same cause was supplemented by kinship of faith in the same Saviour and the same hope of eternal life. He endeared himself to me by his unfailing kindness and gentleness. I never heard a petulant word from him or a word of complaint concerning the arduous duties to which he was called or the perplexing questions that were presented to him.

I never heard any complaint from him concerning the things that sometimes have offended us all—the procedure and rules of the House. I have heard him occasionally say, with reference to some important measure, "I desired to speak, but somehow or other the duties of my committee do not leave me time for the preparation which I feel is due." And then he would go back to his committee room to resume the work to which he had been assigned. I knew nothing about his home life. It so happened that in our intercourse there had not been occasion to speak of it except in an incidental way. Yet every time it was mentioned by him it revealed the tenderness of the associations that were there. I did not know the people from whom he came or amongst whom he had spent his

life; and it was not until after his death that I knew enough of his personal history to even say more about him than his record in the Congressional Directory showed.

But the inquiry made since discloses a life with the characteristics of the sons of liberty in liberty's land. Born on a farm, he was fatherless at the age of 11. At 13 driving a team and moving his widowed mother and her little children from the center of Ohio to a new home in the State of Iowa. That was nearly fifty years ago. We can picture to ourselves the long journey and the sturdy character that was daily growing in the life of the boy. At 16 a pupil in the district school of his community; at 18 a teacher in the same school; at 20 years and 4 months enlisting as a private soldier in one of the first regiments organized in his State, and going out to the battlefield to contend about questions of life and death for the nation into which he had been born. The generation that did that is but a remnant now. As one after another the comrades fall from our side we drop our tribute, our sprig of evergreen, into the grave, an emblem of the immortality in which we hope; and then we side step to the right and the left, closing on the center, each step bringing us a little nearer to the flag and to the standard of life by which we live and by which the nation bears onward its life.

Four years of service for a boy like that! He came out a captain at the age of 24. I will not stop to repeat the great military history which was written during that time. The very names of the battlefields which have been enumerated before you testify to the character of it all; and immediately, without seeking honor at the hands of the nation he had helped to save, he turned himself to the duties of life. We next find him as a student of law. Then, after the usual time, he was admitted a member of the bar and immediately

began the practice of his profession. The rest of his life was spent in the community where he was a schoolboy and where he was a law student. His neighbors testified to their appreciation of him as a man by electing him to Congress. Yet he did not appear at any time conscious of bearing honor. Certainly he was always unconscious that he was seeking honor. So delicate is that rare flower that "he who seeks it shall never find it, and he who finds it needs no name." He has gone before.

I miss the kindly light of his eye, the gentle touch of his hand, and the cheerful voice. Somehow I can not feel the sense of grief which is commonly expressed concerning the loss of a man or a friend. I feel the sense of separation, and yet I feel conscious that somewhere on the other shore such a man is looking back at the record of a life in which there may have been mistakes that even his fellow-men have forgotten, looking back upon the record of a life in which the highest motive was to endeavor to do his duty as it was laid upon him. Trained from childhood in that stern old faith that has given Christian civilization so many men of clear intellect and generous, warm hearts, his character had in it the repose which comes from reliance upon "the impregnable rock of the Scriptures." The logic of the shorter catechism decided for him the fundamental elements of justice and of right. There were never two sides to a question before him. It was always, What is right?

Returning to this House after my absence during vacation, I passed through the city of Chicago and arrived here the day of his death. I did not know that he was then languishing in a hospital in that city, or else I should have stopped and gone again to stand beside him as he went down to the portals that mark the end of life. He endeared himself to me, and it

was with more than a feeling of mere comradeship; it was with that fraternal feeling which sometimes ties our lives together without our knowing why or how. Since I knew that this day had been set aside for addresses in his memory, I wrote to one of his friends at his home, asking a question pertaining to him. In reply I received the following answer, which I will read as worthy of a place in the Record:

MARENGO, IOWA, *February 18, 1903.*

Hon. W. A. CALDERHEAD, M. C.,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 15th instant received this morning, too late, I fear, to get to you the papers I mail to your address to-day by Friday. The papers referred to contain Mr. RUMPLE'S record quite fully.

It was my privilege to office with him six years, having desk room with him. A warm friendship grew out of this close association, one for the other. He would have reached his sixty-second year had he lived until March 4. My acquaintance with him covered twenty-five years. I was with him at the Cedar Rapids Congressional convention twenty years ago, when he made his first effort to gain a nomination for Congress, where Hon. James Wilson, now Secretary of Agriculture, won out by one majority over him. No citizen of this city or of the State ever left a cleaner or more honorable record than RUMPLE. He loved to live, and made a gallant fight for life. His friendships were many and close, and he had the reputation of standing loyally by his friends.

While he lived plainly and was temperate in all things, he accumulated but little. He was most liberal in his dealings, always a contributor to all good and worthy objects. He often said to me that he might be more properly designated as a compromiser of difficulties between men than an attorney. By and through his disposition and habit of settling litigation outside of court he missed many a fat fee. I was a witness to many such settlements in his office. But when he once landed a case in court he was one of the hardest fighters during these years among the members of the bar of this part of the State.

He was an active member of the Presbyterian Church; for years leader of the choir.

He was married twice, a daughter by his first wife, a widow for several years, making her home with him. A son by his second wife died about twenty-five years ago. He had a very pleasant and comfortable little home, only recently built.

Mr. RUMPLE was never active in his own behalf for political advancement. It was the spontaneous and zealous work of his friends which

made his advancement possible. In the last campaign for Congress no movement was ever made by him for such nomination. Every move, from start to finish, was made without his knowledge or consent by his friends in Iowa County, reenforced by friends in every county in the district.

The people's faith and confidence in his honesty and sincerity of purpose was fixed and substantial. His friendship was not limited to any particular class, but he was as easily approached by the most humble and unfortunate citizen as those occupying opposite positions in business or society. JOHN RUMPLE was everybody's friend, is about the simplest form of stating it.

With my kindest personal regards, I am, very truly, yours,

D. M. ROWLAND.

As we measure the lives of our colleagues who have passed on from us we do more than pay tribute to them. We lay upon ourselves binding obligations to the highest performance of duty; and the life and example and friendship of my comrade binds me to further efforts, that I may in some way yet meet his approval and meet the approval of the Great Master.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

FEBRUARY 2, 1903.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message also communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, late a Representative from the State of Iowa, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The message further announced that the Speaker of the House had appointed Mr. Hedge, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Haugen, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Conner, of Iowa; Mr. Hemenway, of Indiana; Mr. Prince, of Illinois; Mr. Gardner, of Michigan; Mr. Aplin, of Michigan; Mr. Darragh, of Michigan; Mr. Payne, of New York; Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio; Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Richardson, of Tennessee; Mr. Adamson, of Georgia, and Mr. Crowley, of Illinois, members of the committee on the part of the House.

DEATH OF THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE RUMPLE.

Mr. DOLLIVER. Mr. President, I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives in relation to the death of the Hon. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, late a Representative from the State of Iowa.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions indicated by the Senator from Iowa, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *January 31, 1903.*

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has learned with deep sorrow and regret of the death of the Hon. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, member of this House from the State of Iowa.

Resolved, That a committee of members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to take orders concerning the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

Mr. DOLLIVER. Mr. President, at a subsequent day I will ask the Senate to set aside a time when the colleagues and friends of the late Captain RUMPLE may pay appropriate respect to his memory. For the present I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Iowa will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, late a Representative from the State of Iowa.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Iowa.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and, in accordance with the second resolution (at 4 o'clock and 30 minutes p. m.), the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, February 3, 1903, at 12 o'clock meridian.

FEBRUARY 23, 1903

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message also communicated to the Senate resolutions passed by the House commemorative of the life and services of Hon. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, late a Representative from the State of Iowa.

FEBRUARY 25, 1903.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE RUMPLE.

Mr. DOLLIVER. I desire to give notice that on Saturday next, at a convenient hour to the Senate, I shall call up the resolutions of the House of Representatives on the death of the late Representative JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, of Iowa.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

MARCH 1, 1903.

Mr. DOLLIVER. I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives in relation to the death of the late Representative RUMPLE.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 22, 1903.

Resolved, That the House now proceed to pay tribute to the memory of Hon. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, late a Representative in the House from the State of Iowa.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be, and is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. DOLLIVER. Mr. President, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from Iowa offers resolutions, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, late a Representative from the State of Iowa.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect, the Senate, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, do adjourn.

Address of Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa.

Mr. President: In view of the pressure of business in these closing hours of a Congress unusually occupied with important questions, I am sure that the Senate has acted with propriety in appointing this hour in which to consider the public services of John N. W. Rumple, late a Representative in Congress, whose death has been so sincerely mourned by his colleagues and friends here and by the people of Iowa at home.

There is an almost tragic significance in the frequency with which the shadow of death has fallen upon the membership of the present Congress. So often has the present House of Representatives been called upon to take notice of the death of a member and to set apart a time for memorial exercises that a departure, at once thoughtful and beautiful, has been made from the customs of the past in the selection of the Sabbath day for those tributes of respect and affection which are never amiss when men honored and famous in the public service fall at their post of duty.

I am glad we have the quiet and peace of the Sabbath in which fittingly to commemorate the character and career of the men out of respect for whose memory these solemn services have been arranged. I had been requested by the distinguished Senator from Oregon [Mr. Mitchell] to speak a few words in affectionate remembrance of his colleague, the Hon. Thomas H. Tongue, who suddenly passed away in this city, after a long and distinguished service in the House of Representatives. But before the date arrived in which the memorial could be held the hand of death had fallen upon my own colleague, and the mournful duty was laid upon me to pronounce a eulogy here upon one who was not only my personal

friend and associate, but very close to the hearts of the Iowa constituency which had given him a commission to act for it in the House of Representatives.

And while his career was cut short before he had completed his first term of service, few men in our State had gained a firmer hold upon the good will of the people or more thoroughly deserved their confidence than Captain RUMPLE.

His death came with a sense of personal loss to all who have served with him here, and throughout the Commonwealth of Iowa his name is spoken with love and gratitude. He was in a high sense a representative of that people—he stood for the State in everything that brings a man into harmony and partnership with the community in which he lives. His life had in it all those elements which give symmetry and dignity to human character. There is in his biography just that succession of tasks well done, that series of modest achievements, that constant progress from strength to strength, which make up a record of usefulness while men live and of affectionate remembrance when they are gone.

The life of such a man is in itself a refutation of every morbid school of social philosophy which seeks to overturn the institutions of society in order to make life worth living and manly effort worth making.

Captain RUMPLE died an honored member of that great popular assembly to which under our institutions the most important interests of the Government are in a peculiar sense committed. He did not live long enough to secure there the position which his talents and his character would have brought to him if his life had been spared. He had the exact qualifications which under the training and discipline of long service would have given him a conspicuous rank among the leaders of the House. He had that poise and equilibrium of faculties,

that fine combination of good-fellowship and good sense, which needed only time and experience to be molded into the highest type of leadership.

From a long acquaintance with him I may safely say that he had little ambition for the honors of political life. At any rate there was entirely lacking in his disposition any of that feverish anxiety for the power and distinction of office which so many times turns the arena of our politics into a scramble for place and for spoils. He was selected as the candidate of his party in a district where a nomination is by no means equivalent to an election and at a time when the chances of election were by no means certain, because of his peculiar hold upon the people among whom he lived and on account of those personal characteristics which made him specially available for the contest which was before his party.

While he was a strong partisan, never doubtful in his allegiance, there was in him a breadth of culture and a depth of conviction which always enabled him to accord to others full credit for integrity of purpose and to hold the differences of partisan opinions in an atmosphere of neighborly kindness and good will.

He had a long training in the humbler and less ostentatious affairs of life before he was called to the discharge of the more important duties which belong to citizenship. He was born on a farm in Seneca County, Ohio, on the 4th of March, 1841. A somewhat careful study of the biography of those who have done most to shape the development of our institutions has led me to the conclusion that the American farm home has had more to do with the nurture of those who have made their mark either in public or private life than any other one thing, and possibly than all other things put together. There is a uniformity, a pleasing monotony, in the biography of great

men the world over, which has led at least one famous philosopher of our day, Count Tolstoi, to recognize among the laws of nature which express themselves in the progress of society that there is no possible strength either of mind or body or character that does not come up into a man out of plowed ground through his bare feet.

Captain RUMPLE was not born in any abject surroundings of poverty; he was born upon the average level of life where nearly everybody else is born; that level of life which has given to the world men like Lincoln and Grant and Garfield; that level of life which appears to be providentially adapted to the education of every important personal factor in the building of the nation.

His father died while Captain RUMPLE was still a child, and in 1853 his widowed mother, taking counsel of her children and relatives and friends, started out upon a long journey from Fostoria, Ohio, to the land of promise in the mysterious West, that she might make a home for her children and enable them to gain a fair start in life. To my mind there is in that little party of movers, traveling in wagons hundreds of miles to make their home in a new and strange land, a heroism hardly realized now, as we read the simple and uneventful story of their journey. When we reflect upon the hardships which attended the settlement of the frontier and put ourselves in touch with the brave hearts who set out on this errand of civilization, without complaint and without fear, it ought to make us ashamed of the thousand voices of weakness and cowardice which have filled our generation, favored by Heaven above its just deserts, with whimperings of discontent and incoherent protests against the very framework of government and society.

That widowed mother of six children, carrying them in a

covered wagon across the States of Ohio and Indiana and Illinois, beyond the Mississippi, to find a home for them, where by toil and sacrifice they could make their way in the world, is a type of a stalwart self-reliance which will be respected among men long after the social reformers of more pretentious times have been dismissed with contempt from the intellectual life of the American people.

The family had not long been in Iowa before young RUMPLE, then a lad of only 12 years, was doing a man's work in opening up a new farm, and while the burdens and labors of making a living were heavy enough, they were not so heavy as to crowd out the desire and purpose of the boy to get an education and increase the field of his opportunities. The State of Iowa was fortunate in the character of its early settlers. They were poor in nothing except money, and that fact in itself has given, I think, to our people a higher ideal of life than could have otherwise been possible; for while the Rumple farm was in a remote and sparsely settled neighborhood, the young man did not have far to go to find a little academy in a neighboring county well situated not only to give him the rudiments of an education, but, what is more important than mere knowledge, the inspiration and ambition which make the student and the thinker.

I do not know what studies he pursued at Ashland Academy, but a year later we find him at one of the pioneer colleges of the State, preparing himself to become a school-teacher. After teaching school for two years he entered the normal department of the State University, studying one term and teaching another, until the summer of 1861, when he laid down his books and gave his name to an enlisting regiment of the Union Army.

This is a short and not uncommon story; nevertheless it

will bear examination; and I confess that the more I think about it the more interesting it becomes. It is the story of a young man, without the help of friends or influential connections of any kind, fighting his own way step by step, with a firm grip upon his own resources, asking no odds in the struggle, and quitting it only because he counted his obligation to his country superior to any duty which he owed to himself.

His colleagues in the House of Representatives who were also his comrades in the Union Army have spoken of his military record. He entered the service as a private in Company H, Second Iowa Cavalry, and when the war was over he bore the modest rank of captain, having received his promotions one by one for gallantry in the field. I look upon Captain RUMPLE'S four years' service in the Union Army as the noblest chapter in his biography. He had the opportunity that comes to the youth of the nation only once, it may be, in a century—the opportunity of helping defend the life of the Republic. To have been permitted to bear even an humble part in the national defense was in itself a title of distinction and a crown of glory. He was only one of more than a million men, nearly all of them enlisted from the humbler walks of life, yet every one of them has a share in the victory of the nation, and every name of the Grand Army is a part of the history of the world.

The record of such a life is complete even if after the war was over he had fallen back to the lowly surroundings from which he came; nor could any possible subsequent achievement over-shadow these four immortal years.

Not many months ago I stood with multiplied thousands of his countrymen by the grave of one whose career until the last twenty years of his life was almost an exact counterpart of the life of Captain RUMPLE—a country boy, a student at a

village academy, a district school-teacher, a Union soldier entering as a private and coming out with the rank of major, a lawyer at the county seat, a Representative in Congress—faithful in all the little things within his sphere of duty. He afterwards rose to supreme influence in the councils of his country, and when he died the sorrow of the world was mingled with the pomp and ceremony of his funeral. But when I saw the worn and feeble remnant of his old regiment drawn up as a guard of honor about his tomb I did not even look at the glittering pageantry with which the nation had surrounded the closing scene of that great life; for there is no station in the world so high, there is no coronation of fame so splendid, that it can make the uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic seem insignificant or out of place.

Captain RUMPLE began the study of law after his regiment was mustered out, having only the advantages that come to a student in a prosperous law office at his own home. It is not certain, after all, that even the best-equipped law schools can do as much toward the education of a lawyer as can be done under favorable circumstances in an office where practice of the law is a part of the course of study.

However this may be, it is certain that Captain RUMPLE very rapidly developed into one of the profoundest lawyers and most sagacious advocates at the Iowa bar. His method of study was characterized not only by diligence, but by thoroughness, and when he was admitted to the bar he became the partner of his instructor and began a professional career marked by conspicuous distinction and success.

As an advocate trying cases in the community where his lot had been cast from his youth up, he had the advantages which always belong to character and high standards of conduct. The people trusted him, believed in him, sought his

counsel, committed their interests to his hands, and during the period of his active practice of the law his name was creditably associated with much of the important litigation in his own and surrounding counties.

While he was engrossed with the cares of an arduous profession, he was never oblivious to the duties of citizenship. In politics he was an ardent Republican, giving generous attention to public affairs, and never without active interest in the concerns of his party and in the business of the State.

In 1873 he was chosen a senator, and served in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth general assemblies of the State. He was a persuasive public speaker, and no campaign passed without his active participation in discussions before the people. He was faithful in his discharge of the everyday business of citizenship. The last time he was seen by his townsmen upon the street was at the recent election in November, when, though his body was racked with pain, and he knew that his time was short, according to his lifelong custom, he went to the polls to cast his vote.

During the years of his professional activity, while he sought no office, he was chosen for many important public services, mostly of a nonpartisan character, to which he gave patient and careful attention. He was a member of the board of regents of the State University, and curator of the State Historical Society, and from time to time, when his neighbors and fellow-citizens requested his services, he did not look upon it as beneath his dignity to become a member of the school board or the city council and mayor of the town in which he lived.

While these offices of trust, without salary, did not distract his attention from his duties as a lawyer in active practice, they serve to illustrate the manner of man he was, and explain

in a measure at least the strong hold which he acquired upon the community in which he had resided nearly all his life.

He was elected to Congress in 1900 in a district notable in Iowa for its hard-fought political battles, and would have been renominated and reelected if the disease which soon broke down his strong constitution had not already warned him that the time of his departure was at hand.

In all the relations of life Captain RUMPLE exemplified the law of Christian living. He was identified with the Presbyterian Church and gave to its work and service a helpful spirit and a loyal devotion. There is no stain upon the life of this man. He died among the neighbors and friends of a lifetime, in the community to which his mother had brought him as a boy with the pioneers of Iowa.

The love and confidence of the people, which he enjoyed while he lived, were illustrated by the universal grief which followed the news of his fatal sickness. With courageous heart he had met and conquered the difficulties and hardships of life; with patient fortitude he bore the afflictions of disease; death had no terrors for this old soldier; the future no shadows for this man of humble Christian faith.

Address of Mr. Burton, of Kansas.

Mr. President: On the wall in my study there hangs a picture of a well-developed and happy infant, balanced on a sea shell, floating upon a smooth surface of water. Falling full on the figure from the sky is a flood of brilliant light, while in the distance from where the shell boat seems to have floated there is only impenetrable darkness; on the other side of the picture, toward which the little craft is floating, there is not one ray of light. I have often thought this picture a symbol of life. We come out of darkness into the light and after a brief time enter the shadows again. Humanity through all the ages has looked backward and forward trying to penetrate the sable curtain which separates us from the past and the future. "I want to know" trembles upon the lips of youth, manhood, and old age. Every one would know his origin and his destiny, but, alas, the longings of the soul can not be satisfied. From the realm of shadows no voice comes to us. No sublunary light reveals either the stage of our former or our future existence. Something there is within that makes us feel and know that we are immortal, but beyond that faith we can not go. It is this ignorance of the future that gives to death its greatest terror. The separation from loved ones is hard to bear, but not to know when and where we meet again is the appalling thought that comes to the stoutest heart in facing the king of terrors. But if we can not tell with certainty what our lot will be in the future life we all believe—do we not know—that our condition there depends in a measure upon our acts here. As goodness is rewarded and wickedness

is punished here, so we are taught to believe it is the same on the other side of the river.

I never knew personally the deceased Hon. J. N. W. RUMPLE. I am told by those who did know him that he was a good man; that the talent given him had been used in every relation of life to the very best advantage; as a farmer's boy performing the hard labor in the field; as a youthful soldier bearing bravely and gallantly the burdens of the march and in battle, rising through gradations from the ranks to important command; and later as a citizen respected by all as a solid, sensible country lawyer, grounded in the principles and practices of his profession, trusted by his clients; as a politician in the highest, purest, and best sense of the term he bore himself bravely and well. That is all that was required by the Master. When summoned for an accounting he was ready, and let us all hope and believe that he heard the cheering words as he landed on the other shore, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Address of Mr. Allison, of Iowa.

Mr. President: In the death of John Nicholas William Rumple the State of Iowa loses a leading lawyer and a useful citizen, and the nation loses a careful, painstaking, and intelligent legislator. Captain Rumple—well known throughout the State by this title—was a splendid example of that type of self-made men who rise from humble surroundings, against adverse circumstances, to positions of great usefulness, honor, and responsibility.

He was born, as my colleague has stated, on a farm in Ohio on the 4th of March, 1841, and his early boyhood was spent in that State. At the age of 10 his father died, and two years later we find this sturdy boy, in company with a number of relatives, making the overland trip in a wagon from Ohio to Iowa with his mother and five other children. They settled on a farm in Iowa County, one of the interior counties near the center of the State, which continued to be his home from that time until his death. The settled portions of the State then bordered on the Des Moines and Mississippi rivers and Iowa County was sparsely populated. There was no railway communication, the wagon roads were few and no markets within many miles, so that the products of the farm could only find a market at Muscatine or Davenport, then small towns on the Mississippi River nearly 100 miles distant.

The community in which this family settled was at that time practically without schools, but young Rumple, blessed with a noble mother, lost no opportunity to acquire the rudiments of an education in this humble home, having there instilled into his mind pure morality, the fear of God, and the teachings of

Christianity. In this sparsely settled region, with only scattered villages, and with these few opportunities, were molded that uprightness of character and loyalty to duty which became marked traits of his manhood, and which served to guide him through his eventful life.

A few years later this portion of Iowa was rapidly settled by hardy and sturdy men and women from the older States, and fortunately for him, the farm upon which he was reared was in the midst of a congenial and intelligent population and in near proximity to the capital of the State, then at Iowa City, which became the seat of the new State University. At the age of 16 he attended a private academy in a neighboring county, and later became a student at a recently established college in the adjacent county of Linn, and still later at the State University. To enable him thus to extend his education, he alternately taught school during the winter months and attended to his studies during the spring and fall terms.

At the age of 20 he enlisted as a soldier in the Second Iowa Cavalry and served with this regiment during its long and perilous career, covering the entire period of the civil war. This regiment was constantly engaged at the front and was in many sharp conflicts and battles in the South and West, from New Madrid and the siege of Corinth to the battle of Nashville. All his comrades testify that Captain RUMPLE during this long period was a brave and fearless and ideal soldier, always at the post of duty.

After four years of this difficult and arduous military service, he was mustered out as a captain at the age of 24 years. He returned to his home and at once entered upon the study of law at Marengo, and two years later was admitted to the bar. From that time until his election to Congress he was in the active and successful practice of his profession. His steadiness

of purpose, his devotion to every duty assigned to him, and his spotless integrity soon won for him the confidence, esteem, and affection of all those with whom he came in contact, and he advanced rapidly in the profession.

He took an active part and a deep interest in the public affairs of his county and State and contributed largely to the growth and development of the State, holding many positions of honor and trust, and he was especially devoted to its educational interests. He was for many years prominent in both houses of the general assembly of Iowa. In the early seventies he was elected to the State senate and served there with distinction, acquiring a wide reputation as an able and useful legislator. He became curator of the State Historical Society, and for a long time was one of the board of regents of the State University. Thus he early became a valued and valuable counselor as respects all the great affairs of the youthful and rapidly growing State of his adoption.

Nearly twenty years ago he was put forward as a candidate of the Republican party for Congress in what was then the Fifth district of Iowa, and lacked only one vote of being nominated in a district then largely Republican. Soon after, by a new apportionment, his county was included in the Second district, and he was not again a candidate until 1900, when the Republican convention of that district unanimously named him as its candidate for Congress. Though for some years it had been carried by the Republicans, it was regarded as the closest district politically in Iowa, being considered in doubt during the canvass which followed his nomination. But after a contest of great activity, when the votes were cast and counted, it was found that he had a good majority.

It is pathetic to record that before he had taken his seat in Congress he was seized with a fatal malady, and death had cast

its ominous shadow across his pathway. Owing to this malady he was able to serve in the House of Representatives only during the first session of this Congress, not being well enough to appear in his seat at the commencement of the present session. During this period of his service, though brief, he demonstrated his ability, notwithstanding his physical infirmity, to achieve success for his district and for the people of Iowa in the large field of national legislation. He gave close attention to the details of the tasks assigned to him, and made many friends in the House, as it was early seen that he possessed the qualities of a successful legislator, being always safe and conservative, a man of good judgment, and having a wide knowledge of public affairs.

Patient, persevering, and diligent, he found no pleasure so great as the pleasure of serving his friends and doing good wherever and whenever he had an opportunity. He was an honest and honorable man in the highest and truest sense. In his personal relations he was kind and true-hearted, steadfast and loyal to every duty, true to friends, and harbored no resentments against those who, for any reason, differed from him.

He was especially fond of the comrades with whom he served during the civil war, and greatly enjoyed the annual regimental and brigade reunions, and he was known personally to the surviving soldiers with whom he had served. All these will deeply deplore his separation from them by his untimely death. The affection and esteem in which he was held by them was also shared by the great body of the people of Iowa, who knew him well and who likewise deplore his death.

It was my fortune to know him well for more than thirty years, and during all this period, without interruption, he was my personal friend. He was in the Iowa senate when I was first elected to this body. Early in our acquaintance I became

strongly attached to him because of his manly traits, his fidelity to friends, and his generous treatment of those who were personally or politically opposed to him. This attachment and friendship continued until his death, and I much regretted that my duties here prevented me from following him to his last resting place, that I might thus give token of my friendship and affection for him during his life. His death is to me a personal grief and loss.

Mr. President, I ask for the adoption of the resolutions presented by my colleague, with the exception of the one relating to adjournment.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

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